As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the Crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I must needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Iesus, the fellowe hath mettall enough in his belly.
Harke you souldier, There is a shilling for you,
And keepe your selfe out of brawles,
And prabbles, and dissentions,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.

Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not I.

Flew. Why tis a good shilling man:
Why should you be queamish?
Your shooes are not so good.
It will serue you to mend your shooes.

Kin. What men of sort are taken vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchquall*.
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French, that in the fielde lyes slaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the fielde,
Charles de le Brute, high Constanble of France,
Iaques of *Chatillian*, Admirall of France,
The master of the Crosse-bowes, *Iohn* Duke *Alonson*,
Lord *Rambieres*, high Master of France.
The braue sir *Gwigzard*, Dolphin. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,
Gran *Prie* and *Rosse*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*,
Gerard and *Verton*, *Vandemant* and *Lestra*.

King. Heeres was a royall fellowship of death,
Where is the number of our English dead?

Exe. Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquire;
And of all the other, but fiue and twenty.

King. O God, thy arme was heere,
And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise:

When

When without stratageme,
And euen in shocke of batt
So great and little losse, on
Take it O God, for it is one
Exe. Tis wonderfull.
Kin. Come, let vs go on
Let it be death proclaim'd
To boast heereof, or take t
Which is his due.
Flew. Is it lawfull, and it
To tell how many is kild?
Kin. Yes Flewellen,
But with this acknowledg
That God fought for vs.
Flew. Yes in my conscien
kin. Let there be sung No
The dead with charity ente
Weel then to *Calice*, and to
Where nere from *France*, ar

Enter Gower an

Gower. But why do you
Saint *Danies* is past?
Flew. There is occasion
Looke you why, and wher
The other day looke you,
Which you know is a man
In the worell, is come whe
And brings bread and salt,
Eate any Leeke: twas in a
Where I could mooue no
But if I can see him, I shall
A little of my desires.
Gow. Heere he comes sw

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